

A Gentleman From Mississippi

By THOMAS A. WISE

Novelized From the Play by Frederick R. Toombs

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THOMAS A. WISE

"Yes, I do, from what I've already heard, but I haven't heard very much of what the folks who advocate other sides have to say. So until I've heard all sides and made my own examination I couldn't give any one my final answer, but Alta-coola seems to have the necessary qualifications."

"Senator Stevens is in favor of Alta-coola," eagerly suggested Norton.

"Yes, and that's a pretty good argument in its favor," responded Langdon.

Norton now excused himself, pleading an appointment with a client at a neighboring village. Waving farewell to Carolina and Hope Georgia, who stood at a window, he rode away. "The old man is sure to be all right," he muttered. "He leans toward Alta-coola and believes in Stevens. He'll lean some more until he falls over—into the trap. There's a fortune in sight, within reach. Langdon has faith in his friends. He won't suspect a thing."

Still another thought occurred to the Hon. Charles Norton. "Stevens elected Langdon out of friendship," he chuckled gleefully. "That will be well worth telling in Washington."

CHAPTER II

THE WARS OF PEACE.

"BIG BILL" LANGDON was the term by which the new senator from Mississippi had been affectionately known to his intimates for years. He carried his 230 pounds with ease, bespeaking great muscular power in spite of his gray hairs. His rugged courage, unswerving honesty and ready belief in his friends won him a loyal following, some of whom frequently repeated what was known as "Bill Langdon's Golden Rule."

"There never was a man yet who didn't have some good in him, but most folks don't know this because their own virtues pop up and blind 'em when they look at somebody else."

At the reunions of his old war comrades Langdon was always depended on to describe once again how the Third Mississippi charged at Crawfordville and defeated the Eighth Illinois. But the stirring events of the past had served to increase the planter's fondness for his home life and his children, whose mother had died years before. At times he regretted that his unexpected political duties would take him away from the old plantation even though the enthusiastic approval of Carolina and Hope Georgia proved considerable compensation.

Although not sworn in as senator, Colonel Langdon's political duties were already pressing. A few days after Congressman Norton's visit he sat in his library conferring with several prominent citizens of his county regarding a plan to ask congress to appropriate money to dredge a portion of the channel of the Pearl river, which would greatly aid a large section of the state.

During the deliberations the name of Martin Sanders was announced by Jackson, the colonel's gravely decorous negro bodyguard, who boasted that he "wuz brung up by Cuneil Marase Langdon, suh, a fightin' Mississippi cuneil, suh, sence long befo' de wah and way befo' dat, suh."

"Show Mr. Sanders right in," commanded Colonel Langdon.

"Good day, senator," spoke Sanders, the boss of seven counties, as he entered. Glancing around the room, he continued, bending toward the colonel and muffling his now whispering voice with his hand: "I want to speak to you alone. I'm here on politics."

"That's all right, but these gentlemen here are my friends and constituents," was the reply in no uncertain voice. "When I talk politics they have a perfect right to hear what I, as their senator, say. Out with it, Mr. Sanders."

As Sanders was introduced to the members of the conference he grew red in the face and stared at Langdon amazed. At last he had discovered something new in politics. "Say," he finally blurted, "when I talk business I—"

"Are you in politics as a business?" quickly spoke Colonel Langdon.

"Why—I—er—no, of course not," the visitor stammered. "I am in politics for my party's sake, just like every body else," and Sanders grinned suggestively at his questioner.

"Have you anything further to say?" asked Langdon in a tone hinting that he would like to be rid of his caller.

"Well, since you are so very new in this game, senator, I'll talk right out in meethin', as they call it. I came to ask about an appointment an' to tip you off on a couple of propositions. I want Jim Hagley taken care of—you've heard of Jim—was clerk of Fenimore county. A \$2,000 a year job 'll do for him; \$500 o' that he gives to the organization."

"You're the organization, aren't you?" queried Langdon.

"Why, yes. Are you just gettin' wise?" cried Sanders. "Haven't I got fellers, voters, voters, VOTERS, d— it, hangin' on to me that needs to be taken care of? An' so I make the fellers that work help those that don't."



Carolina Langdon had an austere love-ness.

Why, Langdon, what 'n b— are you kickin' an' questionin' about? Didn't you get my twelve votes in the legislature? Did you have a chance for senator without 'em? Answer me that, will you? Why, with 'em you only had two more than needed to elect an' the opposition crowd was solid for Wilson," cried the angry boss, pounding the long table before which Langdon sat.

"I'll answer you almighty quick," retorted the now thoroughly aroused senator elect, rising and shaking his clinched fist at Sanders. "Those twelve votes you say were yours—yours?"

"Yes, mine. Them noble legislators that cast 'em was an' is mine, mine. I tell you, jest like I had 'em in my pocket, an' that's where I mostly carry 'em, so as they won't go strayin' aroun' careless-like."

"You didn't have to vote those men for me. I told you at the capitol that I would not make you or anybody else any promises. You voted them for me of your own accord. That's my answer."

"At this point the gentlemen of the county present when Sanders entered and who had no desire to witness further the unpleasant episode rose to leave, in spite of the urgent request of Colonel Langdon that they remain. The only one reluctant to go was Deacon Amos Smallwood, who, coming to the plantation to seek employment for his son, had not been denied of his desire to join the assemblage of his neighbors."

Last to move toward the door, he stopped in front of Sanders, stretched his five feet three inches of stature on tiptoe and shook a withered fist in the boss' firmly set, determined face.

"Infamous!" shrieked the deacon. "You're a monster! You're unrighteous! You should have belonged to the political machine of Cataline or Pontius Pilate!"

"Never heard tell o' them," muttered Sanders, deeply puzzled. "Guess they was never in Mississippi in my time."

His accompanying gesture of perplexity caused the deacon to hasten his exit. Tripping over the leg of a chair, he fell headlong into the arms of the watchful Jackson, who received the deacon's blessing for "uplifting the righteous in the hour of their fall."

Relieved at the departure of the witnesses, Sanders showed increased aggressiveness. "To be sure, senator, you were careful not to personally promise me anything for my support at the election, as you say," the leader sneered, "but you had Jim Stevens to make promises for you, which was smooth, absolute an' artistic smooth!"

"Stop, sir!" Langdon furiously shouted. "You forget, sir, that your insinuation is an insult to a man elected senator from Mississippi, an insult to my state and to my friend Senator Stevens, who I know would make you no promises for me, for he had not my authority."

"Certainly you're a senator, but what's a senator anyhow? I'll tell you, Mr. Colonel Langdon, a senator is a man who holds out for his own pocket as much as us fellows that make him will stand for. When we don't get our rightful share, he's through."

With a sudden start, as though to spring at Sanders' throat, Langdon, with compressed lips and eyes blazing, grasped the edge of the table with a grip that threatened to rend the polished boards. With intensest effort he slowly regained control of himself. His fury had actually weak-

ened him. His knees shook, and he sank weakly into a chair. When he finally spoke his voice was strained and laborious. "Sanders, you and I, sir, must never meet again because I might not succeed again in keeping my hands off you. What would my old comrades of the Third Mississippi say if they saw me sitting here and you there with a whole body, sir, after what you have said? They would not believe their eyes, thank God, sir. They would all go over to Stuart City and buy new eyeglasses, sir." A suspicious moisture appeared on the colonel's cheeks which he could not dry too quickly to escape Sanders' observation.

"But I had to let you stay, sir, because you, the sole accuser, are the only one who can tell me what I must know."

"What do you want to know?" asked Sanders, who had realized his great mistake in losing his temper, in talking as openly and as violently as he had and in dragging the name of Senator Stevens into the controversy. He must try to keep Stevens from hearing of this day's blunder, for Jim Stevens knew as well as he, didn't he, that the man who loses his temper, like the man who talks too much, is of no use in politics.

"I want to know how you formed your opinion of political matters—of senators. Is it possible, sir, that you have actual knowledge of actual happenings that give you the right to talk as you have? I want to know if I must feel shame, feel disgrace, sir, to be a senator from Mississippi, that state, sir, that the Almighty himself, sir, would choose to live in if he came to earth."

"There, there, senator, don't take too seriously what I have said," Sanders replied in reassuring tone, having outlined his course of action. "I lost my head because you wouldn't promise me something I needed—that appointment for Hagley. What I said about senators an' such was all wild words—nothing in 'em. Why, how could there be, senator? This query was a happy afterthought which Sanders craftily suggested in a designedly artless manner."

"Just what I thought and know!" exclaimed Langdon sharply. "It couldn't be; it isn't possible. Now you go, sir, and let it be your greatest disgrace that you are not fit to enter any gentleman's house."

"Oh, don't rub it in too hard, senator. You may need my help some day, but you'll have to deliver the goods beforehand."

"I said, 'Go!'"

"I'm goin', but here's a tip. Don't blame me for fightin' you. I've got to fight to live. I'm a human bein', an' humans are pretty much the same all over the world, all except you—you're only half natural. The rest of you is reformer."

After Sanders' departure the colonel sat at his table, his head resting in his hand, the events of the day crowding his brain bewilderingly.

"The battles of peace are worse than any Beauregard ever led me into," he murmured. "Fighting to conquer oneself is harder than turning the left flank of the Eighth Illinois in an encircling fire."

But the new senator from Mississippi did not know that for him the wars of peace had only just begun, that perhaps his own flesh and blood and that of the wife and mother who had gone before would turn traitor to his colors in the very thickest of the fray.

CHAPTER III

HOW TO PLEASE A SENATOR.

THE International hotel in Washington was all hustle and bustle. Was it not preparing for its first senator since 1855? No less a personage than the Hon. William H. Langdon of Mississippi, said to be a warm personal friend of Senator Stevens, one of the leading members of his party at the capital, had engaged a suite of rooms for himself and two daughters.

"Ain't it the limit?" remarked the chief clerk to Bud Haines, correspondent of the New York Star. "The senator wrote us that he was coming here because his old friend, the late Senator Moseley, said back in '75 that this was the best hotel in Washington and where all the prominent men ought to stay."

Haines, the ablest political reporter in Washington, had come to the International to interview the new senator, to describe for his paper what kind of a citizen Langdon was. He glanced around at the dingy woodwork, the worn cushions, the nicked and uneven tiles of the hotel lobby, and smiled at the clerk. "Well, if this is the new senator's idea of princely luxury he will fit right into the senatorial atmosphere." Both laughed derisively. "By the way," added Haines, "I suppose you'll raise your rates now that you've got a senator here."

The clerk brought his fist down on the register with a thud.

"We could have them every day if we wanted them. This fellow, though, we'll have all winter, I guess. His son's here now. Been breaking all records for drinkin'. Congressman Norton of Mississippi has been down here with him a few times. There young Langdon is now."

Haines turned quickly, just in time to bump into a tall, slender young man, who was walking unevenly in the direction of the cafe.

"Well, can't you see what you're doing?" muttered the tall young man

thickly.

Haines smiled. The chap who has played halfback four years on his college eleven and held the boxing championship in his class is apt to be good natured. He does not have to take offense easily. Besides, Randolph Langdon was plainly under the influence of whisky. So Haines smiled pleasantly at the taller young man.

"Beg your pardon—my fault," Haines said.

"Well, don't let it occur again," mumbled Langdon as he stroiled with uneven dignity toward the door. Bud Haines laughed.

"I guess young Langdon is going to be one of the boys, isn't he?"

"He's already one of them when it comes to a question of fluid capacity," laughed some one behind him, and Bud whirled to meet the gaze of his friend, Dick Cullen, representative of one of the big Chicago dailies.

"You down here to see Langdon, too?" commented Bud.

Cullen nodded. "Queer roost where this senator is to hang out, isn't it?"

"It can't be a rich one, then," suggested Haines.

Cullen chuckled. "Perhaps he's an honest one."

"I hadn't thought of that. You always were original, Dickie," commented Haines dryly. "By the way, what do you know about him?"

(To be continued)

ABSTRACTER.

PRESERVE YOUR TITLE DEEDS. And when you are in need of an Abstract of Title, order from me. You need the Deed to make the property you are buying yours; you need the Abstract to be sure that you are getting it.

All orders placed with me will receive prompt attention. Phone No. 50.

SAM VANDIVORT,
JACKSON, MO.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of Geo. L. Snider, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Cape Girardeau County, bearing date the 14th day of Jan. 1909.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of the publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

Mary C. Snider, Adm.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Frederick Brunner, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Cape Girardeau County, bearing date the 2d day of January, 1909.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of the publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

John Polinett, Executor.

ADMINISTRATRIX NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the estate of William H. Illers, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned by the Probate Court of Cape Girardeau County, bearing date the 28th day of January, 1909.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them for allowance within one year from the date of said letters or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of the publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

Rosa Illers, Adm.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration upon the Partnership Estate of Gockel & Illers have been granted to the undersigned surviving partner by the Probate Court of Cape Girardeau County, bearing date the 5th day of February, 1909.

All persons having claims against said estate are required to exhibit them to the undersigned for allowance within one year from the date of said letters, or they may be precluded from any benefit of such estate; and if said claims be not exhibited within two years from the date of publication of this notice, they will be forever barred.

HENRY GOCKEL,

Surviving Partner and Administrator

Decorate Your Rooms

With the Henry Bosch Co. Wall Paper. See W. S. Samuel, he is the man that does the work right. 17

Attention, Farmers.

Before you buy a corn planter call on Taylor & Masterson Bros. at Cape Girardeau or write for circulars of Sattley's New Way Planter. This planter is far ahead of any one on the market. The best and latest improved.

Respectfully,

TAYLOR & MASTERSON BROS.

IN A TURKISH HAREM.

The source of all trouble in the harem is, of course, jealousy. Every woman wants, as a tribute to her beauty and her charms, to be the favorite of her lord and master. Peace within the walls of a harem is a thing almost unknown. The system of Ahmed Pasha, the Turk, is the only one which ever proved successful, and therefore it ought to be recorded.

Ahmed had four wives of the first class and thirty-six odalisques who were ready to obey his every caprice. And yet this motley household were on the best of terms.

But as it is written in the records of the east, upon a certain day Ahmed Pasha was dead. And there was great grief in the courts of the harem. And a Georgian woman arose from among the others and said: "Behold I, even I, was his only favorite, and in proof of his great love he gave me this turquoise ring."

Then each of the thirty-nine other women looked sadly at one another and said, "We have been spoiled." And each out of her pocket drew a turquoise ring, which she had received from the old fox.

Thus did the pasha live happily with his forty wives, each of whom, proud in the possession of the secret ring, and in the affection of her master, had considered it an unworthy thing to look upon the others as rivals.

Besides the harem of the Pasha Ahmed, there is another which is worthy to be mentioned as model and unique. This is the city of Nang Harm, or veiled women, which belongs to the king of Siam, and perhaps is the largest in the world. Here, inclosed in the inner of two parallel walls round the royal palace, live none but women and children, 9,000 in all.

The luxurious houses of the royal princesses, the wives, the slaves and female relatives of the king, form a vast city, with streets, avenues and parks, with sparkling fountains and great spreading trees standing in gardens, the beauty of which the mind cannot conceive.

On the east, high over the tops of the swaying trees, may be seen the gilded roof of the palace, glittering like a thousand mirrors under the rays of the tropical sun. From the City of Nang Harm to the rooms of its lord runs a covered entrance for the women only.

At the end of the passage is the head of a sphinx with a sword in its mouth bearing this inscription: "Better that a sword be thrust through thy mouth than utter a word against him who ruleth on high."

The southern quarter of the city of women is reserved for the habitation of the slaves of the wives, where they ply many a trade for the profit of their mistresses.

The city of veiled women is as self supporting as any other in the world. It has its own laws, its judges its police, its Amazonian soldiers, its guards, its prisons, its executioners, its merchants, its brokers, its tradesmen, its teachers, its doctors and its nurses, and every function of every kind is exercised by women, and women only.

If a man was found within the harem he would be put to death by the cruellest and most revolting tortures that the misdirected ingenuity of man ever conceived. The only males who ever enter the walls of that impenetrable city are the king and his priests, who go round every day that the women may have an opportunity of performing the sacred duty of giving alms.

The slaves of the wives are allowed from time to time to go outside the town to visit their husbands, but the wives and their females never. The farthest they go is into the palace or the temples, or the many gardens that surround them. And yet their life is very happy.—London Tit-Bits.

Baked Stuffed Eggs.

Six hard cooked eggs, three-fourths cup grated cheese, two teaspoons vinegar, one-fourth level teaspoon mustard, few grains cayenne, salt to taste, one and one-half cups white sauce, one-half cup buttered cracker or bread crumbs.

Cut a slice from one end of each egg, remove the yolks, mash them and season with half the cheese and the vinegar, mustard, cayenne and salt. Refill the whites, cut a slice from the end so they will stand up. Place them in a buttered baking dish. Chop the ends which have been removed and add to the white sauce. Pour the sauce over the egg, sprinkle with the remaining cheese. Sprinkle the crumbs over the top and bake until thoroughly heated and well browned.

The Way to a Man's Heart.

It's all right to talk about art, but give us the woman who can take a peek of apples, some flour and a rolling pin and make a bunch of pies that puts a man in love with even his next door neighbor," says the Los Angeles Express.

He's in Click Now.

Sentinel (on guard)—Halt! Who comes there?

The Colonel—Fool!

Sentinel—Advance, fool, and give the countersign.—Comic Cuts.

Here and There.

The Caruthersville Democrat says: "Hold on to your Southeast Missouri soil." If Bro. Lacey don't believe the people of Sikeston are 'holding' on to town soil, just let him come up here and try to buy a lot in the business section. Should he find one that is on the market, and Lacey don't say it is higher than comets, the Hornet will buy the cigars. This 'holding on' disease has helped to bury lots of good towns and it is a mistake in Editor Lacey to advocate it.—Sikeston Hornet.

There is a difference in here and there. A few men own the "whole world" around Sikeston and will not, we are told, chop off a slice of it for love nor cash. Here, a few men do not own it all, and no one is holding to their property like "death to a dead nigger." This, generally speaking, is a county of small farms and homes. And, while not nearly all of our land is for sale, most of it can be bought for a reasonable price, and some cheap, too cheap, we think. Many of our good farmers have sold their little homes and have moved away to storm-swept Oklahoma and Texas, others to the drouth-stricken states of Kansas and the Dakotas, and after few years returned here broken in health and purse. It was to these our advice was given: "Hold on to your Southeast Missouri soil." Again we repeat it.—Ex.

Favors New Constitution.

Gov. Hadley expressed himself to-day in favor of a constitutional convention revising the constitution. Two bills calling for the holding of a constitutional convention are pending in the house. One is by Representative Kies, the other by Representative Vitt.

Those opposed to prohibition see in the proposed constitutional convention, if the question of holding one is submitted, a loophole of escape from its submission. They believe it will be easier to keep out a prohibition clause in the revised constitution, or to defeat it when the work of the convention comes up for ratification, than to defeat it when the work of the convention comes up for ratification, than to defeat the movement at a general election in 1910, when the "drys" intend to force a vote on the question, either through legislative action or by the initiative.

The initiative and referendum amendment to the state constitution is likely to go, it is believed, if a constitutional convention is called and if the enemies of that amendment control. One thing felt to be imperative is that the new constitution should be harder to amend. The twenty-two amendments of the forty-three submitted to the constitution of 1875 were each adopted by less than 25 per cent of the total vote.—Globe-Democrat.

See Bruening & Kerstner D. G. Co.'s shoe windows. Shoes at your own price. The price for your choice will be reduced 10c a pair during February. So you can buy them when the price is such as you wish to pay. But don't wait too long, as someone else may be willing to pay a little more for the pair you want and the pair you had picked out be gone when you come for it.